

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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## A RAINY DAY.

Kinder like a stormy day, take it all together.  
Don't believe I'd want it just only pleasant weather.  
If the sky was allers blue, guess I'd be complainin'.  
And a pesterin' around, wishin' it was rainin'.  
Like a stormy mornin' now, with the water dashin'.  
From the eaves and from the spouts, foam-in' and a-splashin'.  
With the leaves and twigs around, shinin' wet and drippin'.  
Shakin' in the wind with drops every-which-way skippin'.  
Like ter see the gusts of rain, where there's naught ter hinder,  
Ball across the fields and come 'apat' against the winder,  
Streakin' down along the panes, floodin' sills and ledges,  
Makin' little fountains-like in the sash's edges.  
Like ter see the brooks and ponds dimpled up all over,  
Like ter see the d'ilmom's shine on the bend-in' clover,  
Like ter see the happy ducks in the puddles sailin',  
And the stuck-up rooster all dragged wet and trillin'.  
But I like it best inside, with the fire a-gleamin',  
And myself, with chores all done, settin' round and dreamin',  
With the kitten on my knee, and the kettle hummin',  
And the rain-drops on the roof "Home, Sweet Home" a-drummin'.  
Kinder like a stormy day, take it all together,  
Don't believe I'd want it just only pleasant weather.  
If the sky was allers blue, guess I'd be complainin'.  
And a pesterin' around, wishin' it was rainin'.  
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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### SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had fitted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.  
Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.  
Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.  
Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Fanny (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.  
Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.  
Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.  
Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal box that evening.  
Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.  
Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.  
Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been pre-arranged.  
Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.  
Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's house at the cantonment.  
Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap miles from posts. A dispatch from her lawyer, on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.  
Chapter XIV.—Merriam is brought in in the ambulance, inquires for Florence, but gets only an evasive answer, doctor fearing news of her flight may prove fatal to him.  
Chapter XV.—Just about noon, when the hospital attendant was away at dinner, Mrs. McLane calls in on Merriam. What follows is thus described:  
CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.  
He was half asleep, half awake, in that helplessly lethargic state that seems to possess most temperaments after subjection to the influence of morphine. He was conscious of no pain, no soreness, conscious of nothing but that longing for the coming of Florence and a wondering as to the time of night or day. He remembered half opening his eyes and seeing Hop blinking in an easy-chair by the bedside, and then noticed that it was in the spare room—the guest room—he was lying, and he thought it must be near dawn, for the shutters and shades were drawn, yet a dim light was shining through. He thought Florrie must be in her room, the front room,

and he was just thinking of calling to the servant and rousing him, when he heard the swift pit-a-pat of light footsteps in the hall, a swish of skirts, and stretching out his arm, he called aloud: "Florence, darling!" and the next minute a woman's form was at his bedside and he started up, rubbing his eyes, amazed, startled, believing perhaps that he was still dreaming, for there, with trembling, outstretched hands, stood Fanny McLane.  
"What—where is my wife?" he gasped. "I thought—why, surely this cannot be you!"  
"It is I, Randy," she quavered. "I was in torment—I could not rest nor sleep. I knew you were alone, with no one to care for you."  
"Alone!" he interrupted. "What do you mean? Where is Florence, my wife?"  
"You don't mean—they haven't told you?" she answered. "She has gone—home to her people, it is supposed. She left two nights ago—that is one reason I am here."  
But Merriam burst in upon her wailing, half incoherent words. "In God's name what do you mean? You or I must be mad. Here, Hop, quick! Where are my clothes? Fetch them at once; then go for Capt. Grafton."  
"I'm not mad," she answered. "Read this—the letter she left for you," and the wretched woman tossed upon the bed the note she had taken from among the others on the mantel, and, shouting for a light, Merriam tore open the envelope, while the Chinaman, nerveless and obedient to the master's will, threw open the shutters.  
In the next minute Randy had read the page, with staring, throbbing eyes, then fairly ordered her from the room and dazed, yet terrified at the effect of her announcement, she crept into Florence's room and threw herself into a chair, moaning and rocking to and fro. Like a madman Merriam was up and tearing about, issuing rapid orders to the servant, his lameness all forgotten, and Hop, awed and dismayed, dared disobey him in nothing. Quickly he dressed his master, pulling on light riding breeches and leggings instead of the cavalry scouting rig, and carefully drawing a hunting shirt over the crippled arm that in its sling and bandages was now bound close to the body. It seemed to take no time at all to get him dressed, yet Merriam fumed and raged, and then limped forth into the hall, bidding Hop go saddle Brown Dick at once.  
At sound of his halting footsteps in the hall, she had once more roused herself to action, her own weight of care and trouble urging her on. "Randy," she cried, "for God's sake answer me! Are you sure—are you sure—was there no other statement?—no other paper? Did he persist to the last that his mother was alive?"  
"Mrs. McLane," was the answer. "You forced me to tell you the truth. I did all I could to keep it—and to keep myself from you, but you would have it."  
"Oh, Randy, Randy!" she cried. "You are heartless! You are brutal, vindictive! You are punishing me because I so cruelly wronged you. But what did I ever do to you compared with what you have done to me? Oh, why, if you ever loved me, why could you not have destroyed that lying paper that is to rob me of my name, my rights, rob me of everything?"  
"Hush!" he answered, leaning heavily against the balustrade. "I rode night and day. We sent the swiftest courier we had—to save your honor—to stop that marriage."  
"But you didn't stop it! You were too late!" she cried. "And when you saw it was too late, instead of burning those papers or giving them to me—you held them that you might triumph over my ruin. Then when you knew I was coming to beg for them, you were a coward, Randy—you sent them all to Ned Parry, that my own sister might gloat over my downfall!"  
"Mrs. McLane," he interrupted, "this is all unjust, all untrue. Ask Mr. Parry when he comes, as come he probably will. But this ends our meetings. God forbid that I should ever see you alone again! It has driven from me my wife—the wife I love and love devotedly—do you hear?—and I'm going now to find her."  
And then he broke away. Out to the stable he staggered; love, pity, devotion urging him on and triumphing over the still numbing effect of the deadening drug whose languorous spell he had never known before; and Brown Dick whinnied his welcome and impatience, and Hop Ling whimpered his "pidgin" protests, even as he was "cinching" on Merriam's field saddle with its well-stocked pouches. Randy fiercely ordered silence, bade the Chinaman give him a hand, and then, with blurred eyes and senses, with ears still drowsily ringing, he slowly climbed into saddle, hardly missing the customary grip of the left hand in the mane. Then out he rode into the sunshine, Brown Dick bounding with eagerness to search for and rejoin his stable mate; and then with every stride as he tore away over the mesa Randy felt the cobwebs brushing from his brain, and hope and determination spurring him on. "You have broken your word and gone to your old love," was the stern message of Florence's brief letter. "I will be no man's fool, no faithless husband's wife. You need not look for me nor follow, for I will never come to you again."

Another time pride, anger and sense of wrong might have held his hand, but not now. And before that half-crazed, half-cringing woman could give the alarm, Randy Merriam was riding fast and furious to join the pursuit, thinking only of her suffering and her sorrow, all ignorant, mercifully, of the new peril that involved his precious wife.  
It was vain for Dr. Leavitt to heap imprecation on the head of that hapless Chinaman. Implicit obedience to the will of his master was the only creed Hop Ling observed. "Mellium say cless and catchum saddle and flask and lunch"—that was enough. "Mellium say lide an' catchum Missee Mellium," and Hop Ling wasn't fool enough to interfere.  
But if Dr. Leavitt had lost one patient, Fate had provided him with another. He was needed at once at Grafton's, and, tarrying only long enough to report to Buxton the escape of Lieut. Merriam, he hastened to the bedside of Mrs. McLane, now in sore need of medical attention.  
Harriet Grafton has been heard to say that that afternoon and the night that followed made her ten years older, but her looks do not warrant the statement. Unquestionably she had a hard time, and might have had a much harder but for the opportune arrival at the post, just before sundown, of the lately blockaded lawyer, Mr. Edward Parry, of Chicago.  
Meantime, utterly broken down and cut off now, for the first time since her marriage, from the soothing and comfort of the perilous drug to the use of which she had become wedded almost from the hour that she met McLane, poor self-absorbed Fanny was pouring out her story and her secret in almost incoherent ravings to her hostess. Dr. Leavitt, who had suspected the cause of her vagaries before, was confident of it when he was called in to prescribe, and quickly found the dainty little case that Grafton had discovered the day before. It was hours before she could be even measurably quieted, and meantime what a tale of shame and woe had she not poured into Harriet's astonished ears!  
Strained from its ravings and incoherencies and straightened out in chronological order, the story resolved itself into this: John Harold McLane was a southern sympathizer as a young man, and went to California during the war, provided with a liberal allowance and an opportunity of embarking in business. At Sacramento he fell into the clutches of a notorious household. "Old man Perkins" had three handsome daughters and a scheming wife. The mother's aim was to marry those girls to wealthy men, and she had succeeded as to two of them, and McLane fell a victim to the plot and was married to the third. A son, John H., Jr., was born to them in June, '67, and trouble of every kind followed. The sisters had quarreled with their respective lords, one of whom had abandoned his wife and gone to Japan, while the other, even more desperate, had gone, self-directed, to his grave. McLane's home people refused to recognize any of the Perkins stock and cut off the young fellow's allowance. Old man Perkins, therefore, had three married daughters and one son-in-law on his hands and pandemonium reigned within his gates. He had to order the eldest daughter out of the house, and she revenged herself by eloping with a man who deserted wife and children to run away with this magnificently handsome creature, a thing he mourned in sackcloth and ashes until, his money vanishing, she ran off with another victim and left him poor indeed, yet vastly better off than when he had her.  
McLane's wife was the best of the three in disposition, but that was saying little, and when all his money was gone they fairly kicked him out of doors, and he, in desperation, drifted to Nevada and the mines, just in the days when colossal fortunes were being made by men who were wielding pick and shovel. At the very time old Perkins' people were trying to get a divorce, alleging desertion and failure to support, McLane loomed up at Virginia City as part owner of a lode that paid like the Comstock, and his Sacramento wife, who was believed to be deeply in love with a steamboat engineer, proved that she wasn't by journeying to Virginia City with her little boy and reclaiming her now prosperous husband. There they lived in style, and the Perkins household came to visit them and remained indefinitely, until the bickering drove McLane mad and he "skipped to Frisco," where every deal he made in the stock market went his way, and he became a millionaire before he was 30. Again his pretty but low-bred wife followed, and again he honestly tried to make the best of his bargain; but her mad extravagance and the ceaseless incursions of mother and sister-in-law were too much for him. One day there came a crash and much of his fortune was swept away. He had to break up his San Francisco home and go back to Virginia City, and a furious quarrel followed, in which he ordered the Perkinses never to darken his doors again, and lo! his wife sided with her sister and elected to go with them. McLane would gladly have parted with them all, but he had grown to love his fortune. When once more, a year later, his fortune smiled on him, and, with a new bank account, he came down to San Francisco, the Perkinses had dis-

appeared. Two of the sisters were living the lives of adventuresses. Old Perkins was dead and buried, and no one knew where the rest had gone—a host of Sacramento tradesmen wished they could find out.  
Then McLane came east, bringing his sheaves with him, and his family not unnaturally forgave and welcomed him. Prosperity followed him. He fairly coined money, and Uncle Abe Mellen was only too glad to have him as a partner; and then after a lapse of years, when he thought her dead and honestly wished her so, his blissful bachelor life was broken in upon by the reappearance of his Sacramento wife, now a handsome woman of nearly 40, and a stalwart stripling whom he recognized at once as his long-lost son. For two years he provided for her and tried to educate the boy, but never again acknowledged her as his wife, and so long as she was amply paid and housed, lodged and cared for, she never protested. Mac's club friends sometimes winked and nudged each other when the tall young fellow appeared at the waiting-room with a letter, or when occasionally a dashing-looking woman patrolled the neighborhood until he would come out and join her. The boy was wild and wouldn't study, and was expelled from the schools at which he was entered by the name of Perkins, and the landlords complained of the people Mrs. Perkins received and entertained; then Mac put the young man in Mellen's bank, and there he was when the Hayward nieces came back from Europe, and Charlotte married Ned Parry and Fanny wished to marry Merriam. It was J. H. McLane, Jr., who did Uncle Abe's work for him and went around among Merriam's creditors and got them to unite in their complaint to the war department; but by that time he had seen something of Randy, had "taken a shine to him," as he expressed it, and when he learned that Merriam had been banished to the frontier as a consequence he told the old man that he was done with that sort of dirty work, and was minded to go and confess to Miss Hayward what he had done. To buy him off Mellen gave him all the money he needed and bade him go and live the life he always longed to live, that of a prospector and miner in the Sierras. McLane, the father, was away and had been away for several months. Mrs. McLane, the mother, after a furious quarrel with her protector something over a year before, had agreed to return to California and never trouble him again upon payment of a big, round sum in cash. She would not listen to a pension, and the story that came to the husband's ears soon after was that at last his Sacramento wife had rewarded the fidelity of her old friend, the steamboat engineer; but the lawyers sent to trace the matter were confronted by unlooked-for news—unwelcome news, and therefore news they fully investigated before reporting, since, if true, it would put an end to what promised to be a most profitable case. That \$25,000 was practically wasted—Mrs. John H. McLane was dead.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Ancient Gallantry.

The respect and veneration paid to the fair sex formed an essential ingredient in chivalry. This, it is supposed, was derived from the customs of the primitive Germans, whose females are represented to have been very high-spirited and to have exercised considerable sway over the other sex. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, certain it is that a high species of gallantry forms the very spirit of modern chivalry; and, as a proof of this we have only to refer to the classification of a knight's duty, to fear God and love the ladies, to perceive how necessary female adoration is to the very existence of this order. This principle of female adoration, so prominently displayed in every aspect of chivalry, extended its influence to the laws of the times; for we find James II. of Arragon ordering in this manner: "We will that every man, who shall be in company with a lady, pass safe and unmolested unless he be guilty of murder." And Louis II., duke of Bourbon, instituting the order of the Golden Shield, enjoins his knights to honor, above all, the ladies, and not permit anyone to slander them; "because," adds he, "from them, after God, comes all the honor that man can acquire."—N. Y. Ledger.

### Burying Them One by One.

"Yes," remarked an enterprising colored pastor, in one of the southern cities, "I've done had a powerful lot o' trouble in my eh'ch. On yeah I had all de deacons ag'in me to once. Dey kep' a-sayin' foh me to go; but I says: 'No, bruders, I'm not de one fur to depart. If dere's any emygratin' fur to be done, it's you dat'll do it.' Fin'ly deir prevailin' got so frequent like, dat I done come right out on 'em in one ob my red-hottest suthmons. I shook my fingers at 'em right in de meetin'; and I says: 'You deacons dah—you's jist a-workin' an' a-workin' for yoah-seves; I'm a-workin' foh de good Land; an' I'm a-goin' to stay heah in dis church till I buries ebery one ob you.' An' it wa'n't very long befoah I did bury one of 'em, an' de orders dey got nos' powerful scart, an' I don't never have any moah trouble after dat." And the sable shepherd lighted his pipe, gently collapsing into noiseless reminiscence.—Every Where.

## TRICKS IN THE COAL TRADE.

By Which the Small Dealers Sometimes Scoop in an Extra Profit.

The coal dealer stood in the door of his dingy little west side office, his hands in his pockets and a straw in his mouth, waiting for custom. His entire stock in trade, as far as it was visible, consisted of a dozen baskets of coal outside the office—coal of various kinds and sizes, and bearing placards giving quotations for either ton lots or baskets. A nicely dressed woman passing by stopped and looked at the coal, and then said to the dealer:  
"Send six baskets of soft coal to—Monroe street, third flat."  
"Yes'm," replies the dealer, "50 cents, ma'am. Thank you," and he dropped the money in his pocket and put the order on his slate.  
"Isn't that a rather expensive way to buy coal?" the dealer was asked after the woman had gone.  
"It is," he answered, in a confidential tone, "but you'd be surprised to learn the number of people who never buy it in any other quantity. I suppose I will average \$40 a day here in just such orders—25 or 50 cents' worth at a time. Why do people buy it that way? Some haven't got money to buy it in larger quantities; some have the money, but no place to store a larger amount of coal, and others again are always on the move—furnished rooms for light housekeeping, etc.—and there's lots of them around here, and they live from hand to mouth, you might say. Oh, it's expensive enough, if you come to that," he continued, "but it's a good business if you get enough of it. That coal costs me \$1.50 a ton, and I get \$3.50 selling it by the basket."  
Just then the coal dealer's wagon stopped in front of the door, and the dealer hailed the driver as follows: "Is that the ton for Lincoln street, Jim?"  
"Yes, sor," answered Jim.  
"Take off three baskets," said the boss, and three basketsful from the load soon joined the stock in trade outside the office, while the driver drove off to deliver the remainder of the load as a ton. "There's tricks in all trades," said the dealer, as he put a sign "Three for a quarter" on the filched coal.  
A man in a visibly suppressed state of excitement hurried into the office and accosted the dealer. "Mr. Black Diamond," he gasped, "I find that two tons of coal you sent me this morning is half a ton short. How do I know it?" he snorted; "why, I had it carried in baskets, and there were only 60 baskets, and you know as well as I do that there's 40 baskets to a ton! How do you account for that, sir?"  
The coal dealer looked hurt and grieved. "I'll have to fire that driver of mine, Mr. Cash," he said. "He's getting too careless, altogether. I gave him an order to take two tons to you and a ton and a half to another place this morning. He's given you the ton and a half and the other man the two tons. I'll send the other half ton up right away." Mr. Hard Cash looked mollified and departed, while the dealer looked after him in a reflective manner for full five minutes. Then he turned back into his little office and remarked in a mingled tone of regret and admiration:  
"Well, wouldn't that frost you? But who'd ever have thought he'd measure it?"  
The dealer's wagon drove up and the driver entered the office for orders. "Take another half ton up to Mr. Hard Cash, Jim," said the boss. "He's on."  
And the dealer again took his stand in the doorway to moralize on the difficulty of an honest man's making a fortune in this suspicious world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Steam to Supplant Camels.

The Russians fully appreciate the fact that if their influence is to predominate at the court of the shah they must make him commercially dependent on them. According to the Frankfort Zeitung the railway department of the Russian ministry has under consideration a project for connecting Russia and Persia by rail. The line from the Alexandropol station of the Kars railway to the border station of Nakhichevan offers few difficulties to the engineer, and can be built immediately. The continuation of the track on Persian territory to the custom house at Julfa presents serious difficulties, however, on account of the mountainous nature of the country, so that further surveys are necessary before the work can be begun. At the same time, a plan has been outlined to run a branch line from the Transcaucasian railway to Karadagh, and preliminary work has been begun. The present commerce between Russia and north Persia, which embraces articles of great value, is carried on mostly by means of camels—a system that is slow and expensive.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Horrible Possibility.

Mildred—So you and Tom have decided to break off your engagement?  
Gertrude—Yes; he made up his mind to become a dentist, and so I couldn't marry him.  
"What does his being a dentist have to do with it?"  
"Do you suppose I would want to be the wife of a man who might forget, some time after he had me in his chair, to unplug me?"—Chicago Evening News.